*Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

*Bar.* Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll* and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives to cut our owne throates.

*Nim.* Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.*

*Bar.* Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*.
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

*Nim.* How do you my host?

*Pist.* Base slaue, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

*Host.* No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

*Pist.* What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

*Nim.* Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

*Pist.* Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

*Nim.* I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me;
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.





If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,
Therefore exall. *They draw.*

*Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

*Nim.* Ile cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen;
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch foorth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Hostes, you must come straight to my Master,
And you host *Pistoll*.
Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sheetes,
And do the office of a warning pan.

*Host.* By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes.
Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

*Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friends.
*Nim*, prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

*Nim.* I shal haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting

*Pist.* Base is the slaue that payes.

*Nim.* That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

*Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.

*Pi.* Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.